









# H O N O U R.

A

# S A T I R E.

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*Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim ;  
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.* HOR.

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By Mr. WHITEHEAD.

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“ **L**OAD, Load the Pallet, Boy!” hark! HOGARTH cries,  
“ Fast as I paint fresh Swarms of Fools arise!  
“ Groups rise on Groups, and mock the Pencil’s Pow’r,  
“ To catch each new blown Folly of the Hour.”

WHILE hum’rous HOGARTH paints each Folly dead,  
Shall Vice triumphant rear it’s Hydra Head?

At Satire's sovereign Nod disdain to shrink ?  
 New Reams of Paper, and fresh Floods of Ink !  
 On then, my Muse ! *Herculean* Labours dare,  
 And wage with Virtue's Foes eternal War ;  
 Range thro' the Town in search of ev'ry Ill,  
 And cleanse th' *Augean* Stable with thy Quill.

“ BUT what avails the poignance of the Song,  
 “ Since all (you cry) still persevere in Wrong ?  
 “ Would courtly Crimes to MULGRAVE'S Muse submit ?  
 “ Or blush'd the Monarch tho' a \* WILMOT writ ?  
 “ Still pander Peers disgrac'd the Rooms of State,  
 “ Still *Cæsar's* Bed sustain'd a foreign Weight ;  
 “ Slaves worshipping'd still the golden Calf of Pow'r,  
 “ And Bishops, bowing, bless'd the scarlet Whore.  
 “ Shall then thy Verse the guilty Great reclaim,  
 “ Tho' fraught with DRYDEN'S Heaven-descended Flame ?

THAT ANGEL WILL

\* Earl of Rochester.



" Will harpy *H\*\*e*, from his mould'ring Store,  
 " Drag forth one chearing Drachma to the Poor?  
 " Or *H\*\*\*n*, unfaithful to the Seal,  
 " Throw in one Suffrage for the Public Weal?  
 " Pointless all Satire, and misplac'd its Aim,  
 " To wound the Bosom, that's obdur'd to Shame:  
 " The callous Heart ne'er feels the Goad within;  
 " Few dread the Censure, who can dare the Sin."

Tho' on the Culprit's Cheek no Blush should glow,  
 Still let me mark him to Mankind a Foe :  
 Strike but the Deer, however slight the Wound,  
 It serves at least to drive him from the fount.  
 Shall reptile Sinners frowning Justice fear,  
 And pageant Titles privilege the Peer?  
 So falls the humbler Game in common Fields,  
 While the branch'd Beast the royal Forest shields.

On,

On, Satire, then! pursue thy gen'rous Plan,  
 And wind the Vice, regardless of the Man.  
 Rouze, rouze! th' ennobl'd Herd for public Sport,  
 And hunt them thro' the Covert of a Court.

JUST as the Play'r the mimic Portrait draws,  
 All claim a right of Censure or Applause:  
 What guards the Place-man from an equal Fate,  
 Who mounts but Actor on the Stage of State?  
 Subject alike to each Man's Praise and Blame,  
 Each critic Voice the *Fiat* of his Fame;  
 Tho' to the private some respect we pay,  
 All *public* Characters are *public* Prey:  
 P—m and G—k, let the Verse forbear  
 What sanctifies the *Treasurer* or *Play'r*;

GREAT in her laurel'd Sages *Athen's* see,  
 Free flow'd her Satire while her Sons were free:

Then

Then purpl'd Guilt was dragg'd to public Shame,  
 And each Offence stood flagrant with a Name;  
 Polluted Ermine no Respect could win,  
 No hallow'd Lawn could sanctify a Sin;  
 'Till tyrant Pow'r usurp'd a lawless Rule:  
 Then sacred grew the titled Knave and Fool;  
 Then penal Statutes aw'd the poignant Song,  
 And Slaves were taught, that *Kings could do no Wrong.*

GUILT still is Guilt, to me, in Slave or King,  
 Fetter'd in Cells, or garter'd in the Ring;  
 And yet behold how various the reward,  
 WILD falls a Felon, \*W——E mounts a Lord.  
 The *little* Knave the Law's last Tribute pays,  
 While Crowns around the *great* One's Chariot blaze.

Blaze,

\* Tho' the Person here meant, has indeed paid the Debt of Nature, yet, as he left that of Justice unsatisfy'd, the Author apprehends that the Public are indisputably entitled to the Assets of his Reputation.

Blaze Meteors, blaze! to me is still the fame,  
The Cart of Justice and the Coach of Shame.

SAY, what's Nobility, ye gilded Train!  
Does Nature give it, or can Guilt sustain?  
Blooms the Form fairer, if the Birth be high;  
Or takes the vital Stream a richer Dye?  
What! tho' a long Patrician Line ye claim,  
Are noble Souls entail'd upon a Name?  
*Angels* may ermine out the lordly Earth,  
Virtue's the Herald that proclaims its Worth.

HENCE mark the radiance of a *Stanhope's* Star,  
And Glow-worm glitter of thine *D\*\*\*r*!  
Ignoble Splendor! that but shines to all,  
The humble Badge of a Court Hospital.  
Let lofty *L\*\*\*r* wave his nodding Plume,  
Boast all the blushing Honours of the Loom,

Resplendent

Resplendent Bondage no Regard can bring,  
 'Tis *Metbuen's* Heart must dignify the String.

VICE levels all, however high or low ;  
 And all the Difference but consists in Show.  
 Who asks an Alms, or supplicates a Place,  
 Alike is Beggar, tho' in Rags or Lace :  
 Alike his Country's Scandal and its Curse,  
 Who vends a Vote, or who purloins a Purse ;  
 Thy Gamblers *Bridewell*, and St. *J\*'s*'s Bites,  
 The Rooks of *Mordington's*, and Sharks at *White's*.

“ WHY will you urge, *Eugenio* crys, your Fate ?  
 “ Affords the Town no Sins but Sins of State ?  
 “ Perches Vice only on the Court's high Hill ?  
 “ Or yields Life's Vale no Quarry for the Quill ?”  
 Manners, like Fashions, still from Courts descend,  
 And what the Great begin, the Vulgar end.

If vicious, then, the Mode, correct it here;  
He saves the Peasant, who reforms the Peer.  
What *Hounslow* Knight would stray from Honour's Path,  
If guided by a Brother of the *B\*b*?

HONOUR's a Mistress all Mankind pursue;  
Yet most mistake the false One, for the true;  
Lur'd by the Trappings, dazzl'd by the Paint,  
We worship oft the Idol for the Saint.  
Court'd by all, by few the Fair is won,  
Those lose who seek her, and those gain who shun:  
Naked she flies to Merit in Distress,  
And leaves to Courts the Garnish of her Dress.

THE million'd Merchant seeks her in his Gold;  
In Schools the Pedant, and in Camps the Bold:  
The Courtier views her with admiring Eyes,  
Flutter in Ribbons, or in Titles rise:

Sir

Sir *Epicene* enjoys her in his Plume ;  
 M\*<sup>D</sup> in the learned Wainscot of a Room :  
 By various Ways, all woo the modest Maid ;  
 Yet lose the Substance, grasping at the Shade.

Who, smiling, sees not with what various Strife,  
 Man blindly runs the giddy Maze of Life ?  
 To the same End, still different Means employs,  
 This builds a Church, a Temple That destroys ;  
 Both anxious to obtain a deathless Name,  
 Yet erring, both mistake *Report* for *Fame*.

REPORT, tho' Vulture-like the Name it bear,  
 Drags but the carrion Carcass thro' the Air ;  
 While *Fame*, Jove's nobler Bird, superior flies,  
 And, soaring, mounts the Mortal to the Skies.  
 So \* RICHARD's Name to distant Ages borne,  
 Unhappy RICHARD still is *Britain's* Scorn :

\* Richard the 2d,

Be EDWARD'S wafted on *Fame's* eagle Wing,  
 Each Patriot mourns the long departed King ;  
 Yet thine, O EDWARD ! shall to \*\*'s yield,  
 And *Dettingen* eclipse a *Cressy's* Field.

THRO' Life's wild Ocean, who would safely roam,  
 And bring the golden Fleece of Glory home,  
 Must, heedful, shun the barking *Scylla's* roar,  
 And fell *Charybdis'* all-devouring Shoar ;  
 With steady Helm an equal Course support,  
 'Twixt Faction's Rocks, and Quicksands of a Court ;  
 By Virtue's Beacon still direct his Aim,  
 Thro' Honour's Channel, to the Port of *Fame*.

YET, on this Sea, how all Mankind are tost,  
 For one that's fav'd, what Multitudes are lost !  
 Misguided by *Ambition's* treach'rous Light,  
 Thro' Want of Skill, few make the Harbour right.

HENCE



HENCE mark what Wrecks of Virtue, Friendship, Fame,  
 For four dead Letters added to a Name !  
 Whence dwells such Syren Music in a Word,  
 Or sounds not *Brutus* noble as *My Lord* ?  
 Tho' Crownets, P\*\*r, blazon on thy Plate,  
 Adds the base Mark one Scruple to its Weight ?  
 Tho' Sounds Patrician, swell thy Name, O S\*d's !  
 Stretches one Acre thy Plebeian Lands ?  
 Say, the proud Title meant to plume the Son,  
 Why gain by Guilt, what Virtue might have won ?  
 Vain shall the Son his herald Honours trace,  
 Whose Parent *Peer* 's, but *Patriot* in Disgrace.

VAIN, on the solemn Head of hoary Age,  
 Totters the Mitre, if *Ambition*'s Rage,  
 To mammon Pow'r, the hallow'd Heart incline,  
 And Titles only mark the *Priest* divine.

Blest Race! to whom the golden Age remains;  
 Ease without Care, and Plenty without Pains;  
 For you the Earth unlabour'd Treasure yields;  
 And the rich Sheaves spontaneous crown the Fields;  
 No toilful Dews pollute the rev'rend Brow,  
 Each holy Hand unhardened by the Plow;  
 Still burst the sacred Garners with their Store,  
 And Flails, unceasing, thunder on the Floor.

O bounteous Heav'n! yet Heav'n how seldom shares,  
 The tithful Tribute of the *Prelate's* Prayers!  
 Lost to the Stall, in *S\**'s still they nod,  
 And all the *Monarch* steals them from the *God*;  
 Thy Praises, *B-w-k*, every Breast inspire,  
 The Throne their Altar, and the Court their Choir;  
 Here earliest Incense they devoutly bring,  
 Here everlasting Hallelujahs sing;

Thou!

Thou! only Thou! almighty to ~~—~~ *translate*,  
Thou their great golden Deity of State,

Who seeks on Merit's Stock to graft Success,  
In vain invokes the Ray of Pow'r to bless;  
The Stem, too stubborn for the courtly Soil,  
With barren Branches mocks the virtuous Toil.

More pliant Plants the royal Regions suit,  
Where Knowledge still is held *forbidden Fruit*;  
'Tis these alone the kindly Nurture share,  
And all *Hesperia's* golden Treasures bear.

LET Folly still be Fortune's fondling Heir,  
And Science meet a Step-dame in the Fair.  
Let Courts, like Fortune, disinherit Sense,  
And take the idiot Charge from Providence.  
The idiot Head, the Cap and Bells may fit,  
But how disguise a L\*\*\*N and P\*T?

O! once lov'd Youths! *Britania's* blooming Hope,  
 Fair Freedom's Twins, and once the Theme of POPE;  
 What wond'ring Senates on your Accents hung,  
 E'er Flattery's Poison chill'd the patriot Tongue?  
*Rome's* sacred Thunder awes no more the Ear,  
 But P\*\*M smiles, who trembled once to hear.

SAY, whence this Change, less galling is the Chain,  
 Tho' W\*\*E, C\*\*\*T, or a P\*\*M reign?  
 If S\*\*s still the poisonous *Bane* imbibe,  
 And every Palm grows callous with the Bribe;  
 If sev'n long Years mature the venal Voice,  
 While Freedom mourns her long defrauded Choice;  
 If Justice waves o'er Fraud a lenient Hand,  
 And the red Locust rages thro' the Land.

SUNK in these Bonds, to BRITAIN what avails,  
 Who wields her Sword, or balances her Scales?

Veer round the Compass, Change to Change succeed,  
 By every Son, the Mother now must bleed :  
 Vain all her Hosts, on foreign Shores array'd,  
 Tho' lost by W\*\*H, or preserv'd by W\*\*E.  
 Fleets once which spread thro' distant Worlds her Name!  
 Now ride inglorious Trophies of her Shame ;\*  
 While fading Laurels shade her drooping Head,  
 And mark her BURLEIGHS, BLAKES, and MALBROS dead !

SUCH were thy Sons, O happy ISLE ! of old,  
 In Counsel prudent, and in Action bold :  
 Now view a P\*\*M puzzling o'er thy Fate,  
 Lost in the Maze of a perplex'd Debate :  
 And sage N\*\*\*E, with fraternal Skill,  
 Guard the nice Conduct of a Nation's Quill.

C

See

\* Alluding to the ever-memorable NO-FIGHT in the Mediterranean : —  
 As the Nation was unluckily the only Victim on that Occasion, the *Lenity*  
 of our Aquarian Judicature has, I think, evidently prov'd, that a *Court-*  
*Martial* and a *Martial-Court* are by no Means synonymous Terms.

See Truncheons trembling in the Coward Hand,  
Tho' bold Rebellion half subdued the Land ;  
While Ocean's GOD, indignant, wrests again  
The long deputed Trident of the Main.\*

SLEEP our *last* Heroes in the silent Tomb?  
Why spring no future Worthies from the Womb?  
Not Nature sure, since Nature's still the same,  
But Education bars the Road to Fame.

Who hopes for Wisdom's Crop must till the Soul,  
And Virtue's early Lesson should controul ;  
To the young Breast, who Valour would impart,  
Must plant it by Example in the Heart.

ER BRITAIN fell to mimic Modest's Prey;  
And took the *foreign Polish* of our Day,

Train'd

\* The Reader will readily conclude these Lines were written before our worthy Admirals ANSON and WARREN had so eminently distinguished themselves in the Service of their Country.

Train'd to the martial Labours of the Field,  
 Our Youth were taught the massy Spear to wield;  
 In Halcyon Peace, beneath whose downy Wings,  
 The Merchant smiles, and labouring Peasant sings,  
 With Civil Arts to guard their Country's Cause,  
 Direct her Counsels, and defend her Laws:  
 Hence a long Race of ancient Worthies rose,  
 Adorn'd the Land, and triumph'd o'er our Foes.

YE sacred Shades! who thro' th' Elysian Grove,  
 With Rome's fam'd Chiefs, and Grecian Sages rove,  
 Blush to behold what Arts your Offspring grace,  
 Each fopling Heir now marks his Sire's Disgrace;  
 An Embrio Breed! of such a doubtful Frame,  
 You scarce could know the Sex but by the Name:  
 Fraught with the native Follies of his Home,  
 Torn from the Nurse, the Babe of Birth must roam;

Thro' foreign Climes exotic Vice explore,  
 And cull each Weed, regardless of the Flow'r;  
 Proud of thy Spoils, O *Italy* and *France* !  
 The soft enervate Strain, and cap'ring Dance ;  
 From *Sequan's* Streams, and winding Banks of *Po*,  
 He comes, ye Gods ! an all-accomplish'd Beau !  
 Unhumaniz'd in Dress, with Cheek so wan !  
 He mocks GOD's Image in the mimic Man :  
 Great Judge of Arts ! o'er Toilets now presides,  
 Corrects our Fashions, or an *Opera* guides ;  
 From Tyrant HANDEL rends th' Imperial Bay,  
 And guards the *Magna Charta* of — *Sol-fa*.

SICK of a Land where *Virtue* dwells no more,  
 See LIBERTY prepar'd to quit our Shore,  
 Pruning her Pinions, on yon beacon'd Height  
 The Goddess stands, and meditates her Flight ;

Now



Now spreads her Wings, unwilling yet to fly,  
 Again o'er BRITAIN casts a pitying Eye;  
 Loath to depart, methinks I hear her say,  
 “ *Why urge me thus, ungrateful ISLE, away!*  
 “ For you, I left *Achaia's* happy Plains,  
 “ For you, resign'd my *Romans* to their Chains;  
 “ Here fondly fix'd my last lov'd favourite Seat,  
 “ And midst the mighty Nations made *THEE* great;  
 “ *Why urge me then, ungrateful ISLE, away!*  
 Again she, sighing, says, or seems to say.

O STANHOPE! \* skill'd in ev'ry moving Art,  
 That charms the Ear, or captivates the Heart!  
 Be your's the Task, the Goddess to retain,  
 And call her Parent VIRTUE back again;  
 Improve your *Pow'r* a sinking Land to save,  
 And vindicate the Servant from the Slave:

O!

\* Earl of Chesterfield.

O! teach the vassal Courtier how to share  
 The Royal Favour with the Public Pray'r:  
 Like *Latium's* \* *GENIUS* stem thy Country's Doom;  
 And, tho' a *CÆSAR* simile, remember *ROME*;  
 With all the *Patriot* dignify the *Place*,  
 And prove at least one Statesman may have Grace,

\* *BRUTUS*.

*F I N I S.*









